

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES"

Have you ever had your Whisky tampered with?

Born 1820
—still
going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER

in this new tamper-proof bottle
assures that *you* pour out only what
the distillers put in——genuine
Scotch Whisky.

RED Label (Every drop over
10 years old.)

BLACK Label (Every drop over
12 years old.)

To safeguard these ages, the policy of the distillers
for the future is the same as their policy of the past.
First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks
over sales is always large enough to maintain the
unique quality.

Distilled under the same family management since 1820.
Matured by time and nature alone.

**Guaranteed Same Quality
throughout the World**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Johnnie Walker Whisky in
the new 'Protective' bottle, send us a postal card with the name
of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied. Address:

WILLIAM & HUMBERT, Agents, 1158 Broadway, New York

How to Pour.—Tilt the bottle quickly nearly upside down. If the whisky
does not flow freely, give the bottle a slight shake to set the valve in motion.

Some Sins are Worse Than Others

There was a Certain Land wherein the People were a Pious People, a Virtuous People, a Religious People and True Believers; nevertheless, being Human, they Sinned.

Came persons and said to their women: "This will make the baby sleep and do him no harm"; and they believed what was told them and gave the medicine to the baby and he died. Then were they punished for killing the baby.

Came others and told them: "This is good food and will make you strong"; and they believed what was told them and ate the food, and it was not good and they became sick. Then were those punished for selling bad food.

Came others and told them: "If you slit a bird's tongue and put out its eyes, it will sing better"; and they believed what was told them and did this to helpless birds. Then were they punished for Cruelty to Animals.

Came others and told their young men: "It is fine and manly to See Life, to spend money freely, to drink, to smoke, to gamble and to consort with those whom we call The Daughters of Pleasure and also The Unfortunates"; and they believed what was told them and fell from grace and performed these various acts, and were not punished—save as they sickened, and their wives sickened, and their children sickened, and they died.

Came others and told their young women that if they wore monstrous and ugly things which rendered them helpless in action and incommensurate to all near neighbors, they would be attractive and beloved; and they believed what was told them and wore these things and were not attractive and not beloved. And



Copyright, 1912, The Bauer Chemical Co., New York.

"The Doctor told us Sanatogen is just what you need for your nerves"

UNCONSCIOUSLY, perhaps, thousands of men and women, in their desire to forge ahead and accomplish, find themselves suddenly approaching the brink of nervous breakdown.

And how many men and women—under just such circumstances—look back with gratitude to the friendly interest that told them of the remarkable revitalizing and upbuilding powers of Sanatogen, the food tonic.

When nerves lose their vitality—due to overwork, worry or illness—other normal bodily functions also become impaired. Restless sleep, disturbed digestion, physical lassitude, insomnia, all are directly traceable to nerve tire. Sanatogen is intended especially to combat the debilitating ravages of nerve exhaustion. Its scientific combination of purest protein and organic phosphorus—in readily assimilable form—imposes no tax upon digestion—no artificial, harmful stimulation. Sanatogen is just pure concentrated energy and food—replenishing the strength and reserve of the over-taxed nervous system, helping other food to digest and nourish. Over 16,000 physicians have placed the seal of their written endorsement upon Sanatogen as the real, the scientific food and tonic. You may find the answer to your nerve troubles in its use.

A Remarkable Book FREE Upon Request

The work of a physician author, beautifully illustrated, which tells you some really interesting things about your nervous system, facts which vitally affect your well-being and which, therefore, you ought to know. Ask for a FREE copy of "Nerve Health Regained."

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, \$1.00, \$1.90, \$3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price by

THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 24-E Irving Place, New York

Prof. Thos. B. Stillman, M.S., Ph.D.

The well-known research chemist of Stevens Institute, writes: "The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and a simplification of Sanatogen are rendered complete with greatest ease."

Prof. C. A. Ewald

of Berlin University. Doctor honoris causa University of Maryland, states in his contribution on "Typhus abdominalis": "I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neuroathetic origin), and have obtained excellent results."

Arnold Bennett

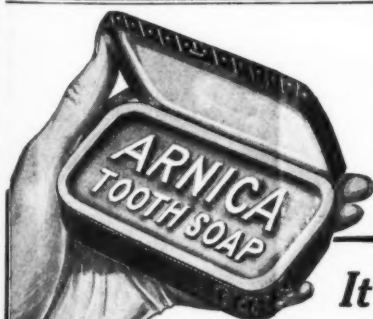
the famous novelist writes: "The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."

John Burroughs

the distinguished naturalist and author, writes: "I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

David Belasco

The eminent dramatic author writes: "It gives me pleasure to let you know the wonderfully beneficial results I have experienced from the use of your Sanatogen. It has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves, and I heartily recommend it to all who, like myself, are obliged to overwork."



It's a Positive Delight to Brush the Teeth

and gums with Arnica Tooth Soap. It sterilizes the mouth, destroying putrefactive and fermentative bacteria, and produces a delightful sense of cleanliness that cannot be obtained with pastes, powders or washes.

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap

(Cleanser and Mouth Wash in One)

is the only preparation which perfectly cleanses and polishes the teeth without possibility of abrasion, while its antiseptic properties insure healthy gums and a sweet breath.

Comes in a handy metal box—Nothing to break or spill. A convenient cake that lasts for months. 25c at your druggist—or send direct.

C. H. STRONG & CO. Chicago

none were punished save that many were made unhappy continuously.

Came others and told their men: "There is no Happiness but Success, and no Success without Wealth, and no Wealth without getting it away from other people"; and they believed what was told them and strove with one another continually for Wealth and Success and Happiness—and there was Poverty and Failure and Misery without end.

And the Righteous were grieved at the Sins of the world, and some they called

Vices and some they called Crimes, and they punished some and some they did not punish. And some they did not call Sin at all.

Nevertheless, some Sins are worse than others.

From Charlotte Perkins Gilman's *Fore-runner*.

At His Uncle's

BILTON: "Well, old man, are you going to hang up your socks this Christmas?"

TILTON (sadly): "No; my dress suit."

—Lippincott's.



*Every Little
Widow
Has a Meaning
All
Her Own*

Next Week—The Widows' Number

Will bring to a fitting close an eventful year of LIFE. Week after next the New Year will be ushered in by LIFE'S Birthday Number, to be followed immediately by the immoderately monumental Auto Number (price ten cents)—equal in size to the great Christmas Number. Premium picture "Bygones" to every yearly subscriber this season.

Miniature LIFE free for a two-cent stamp—any address.
Awful Number coming.

Christmas Number

Great 116 page issue.
On sale at all news-stands.
Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.



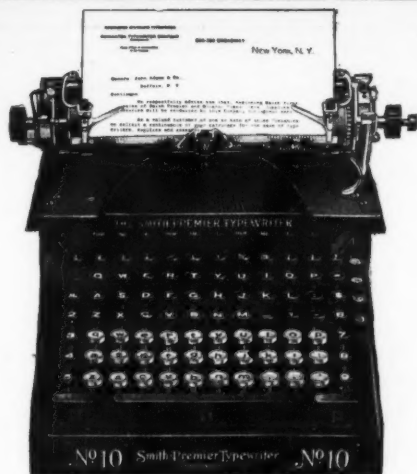
This is a Special Offer—Three Months for One Dollar

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign, \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This order must come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York

ONE YEAR \$5.00 (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04)



Complete Visible Writing

This is the great distinctive feature of the Model 10

Smith Premier Typewriter

Complete Visible Writing means not only that the writing itself is visible, but that the operating machinery which produces the writing is also visible. Above all, it means that the keyboard is completely visible.

Why? Because it is the only typewriter having a key for every character—hence the character printed by each key is always the same.

This distinctive feature has won for the Smith Premier Typewriter an immense army of loyal users.

Smith Premier Department
Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

Delay No Longer

Call, write, telephone or telegraph to nearest dealer for a Christmas barrel containing 10 dozen bottles of

Evans' Ale

and distribute in lots to suit to friends near and far and enjoy the satisfaction of saving the Christmas situation to the complete satisfaction of everyone. Ideal Christmas cheer for City and Country.

Never too late to try.

G. H. EVANS & SONS, - Estab. 1786 - Hudson, N. Y.

How-d'-y'-do and Good-bye

One day Good-bye met How-d'-y'-do
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away!" says How-d'-y'-do, "your mien
Appeals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as your's is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

When'er I give one sunshine hour
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
When'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere How-d'-y'-do has tuned each tongue
To hope's delightful measure,
Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distill
The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, "Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'-y'-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

Without my prior influence
Could your's have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one hour dispense
But those my tears have nourish'd?

How oft, if at the court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'-y'-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

Go bid the timid lover choose;
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-d'-y'-does
One kind Good-bye would barter.

From love and friendships kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose all their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows;
Some time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'-y'-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing."
W. R. Spencer.

A Distinction

Cora was fond of all-inclusive prayers,
and one night she offered the following discriminating petition:

"Lord, please bless mother and father
and all of us, and give us everything
good; and please bless our friends, and
give them what is good for them!"

Harper's.



Electric Commercial Vehicles cut the delivery cost from 82-5 cents to 62-5 cents for Macy & Co.—one of New York's department stores. Think of it—far greater efficiency, inestimable advertising and 25% saved!

Figures Tell the Story

A large Cleveland department store has 8 Electric Delivery Wagons in service, making its package delivery over a large area of the city's paved and unpaved streets. In December, 1911, 247 deliveries were made daily, the actual cost for each package delivered being but 2.7 cents. The Denver Gas & Electric Co. supplanted a horse wagon with a 1000 lb. Electric. It did 21.9 per cent more work, at practically the same cost of operation.

What One Company Did

The Ward Bread Co. operates 200 Electric Delivery Wagons in Greater New York. The average cost of operation per mile per vehicle during the unfavorable weather from January to March, 1912, was \$0.0466. The efficiency was 98 83-100 percent—and this during winter!

Electrics in Widespread Use

Everywhere you will find Electrics where cost is considered and swift, sure and silent delivery is wanted. The Adams Express Company, the American Express Company, Marshall Field & Co., Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Gimbel Brothers are all using Electrics with great success and are putting more and more of them into service.

Investigate the Electric Now

There is a full 80% of trackless city haulage that Electrics can do cheapest and best. You can't afford to be satisfied with your present delivery system until you have investigated and found out what Electrics can do for you. If you will write us today, we will gladly send you interesting literature about Electric Commercial Vehicles.

Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric



**ELECTRIC
VEHICLE ASSOCIATION
OF AMERICA**

BOSTON NEW YORK, 124 W. 42nd St. CHICAGO

Ask the man who owns one

Packard Left Drive "38"

In the smaller six-cylinder Packard, left drive reaches for the first time its ultimate development

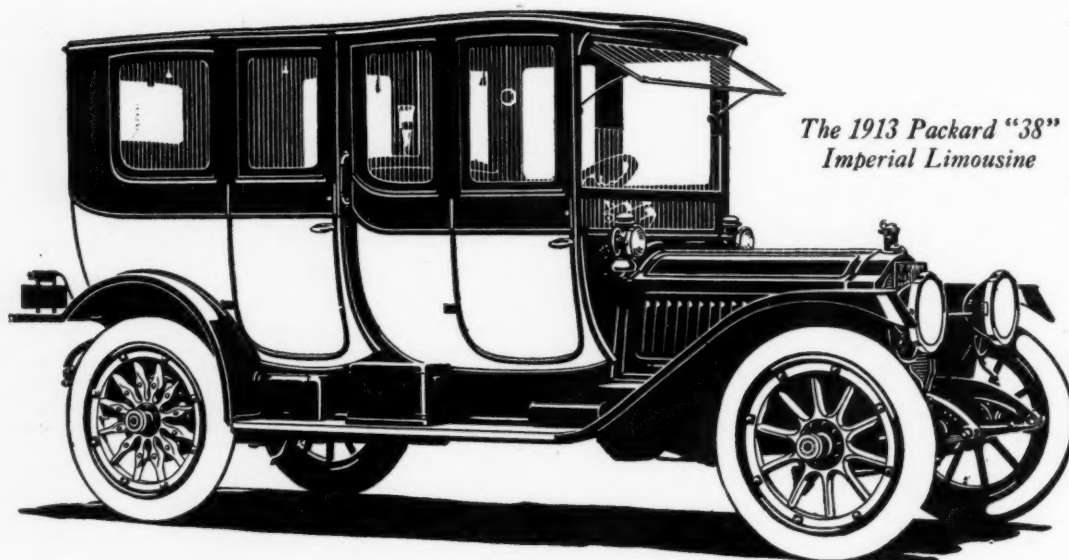
In addition to our positive electric self starter, we have placed all controls on the steering column. This exclusive arrangement means complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat

*Electric lighting and separate
high tension magneto ignition*

The combination of left drive, electric self starter and centralized control is to be found only in the Packard "38." In the essentials of convenience and comfort, this car is the criterion of the present and an assured standard for the next two years

Color catalog upon request

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



*The 1913 Packard "38"
Imperial Limousine*



Song

KISS me quickly; roses die
Ere the sunshine leaves the sky.
Hold me closely; night will fall
Swiftly, blackly, over all.
Love me dearly, ere the dark
Quenches passion's tiny spark.
Tell me truly—no, love, no—
See how swift the hours go!

Leolyn Louise Everett.

Distanced

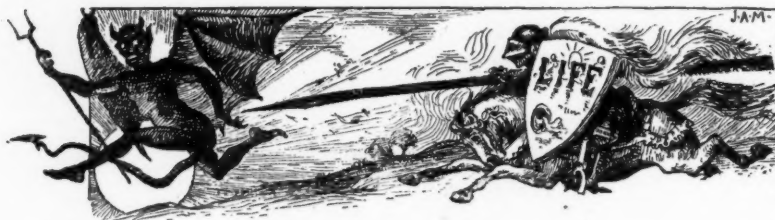
THE cables tell us that a woman has for the first time
in history pleaded a cause before the courts of Italy
But that is not all.

"She wore," the cables go on to say, "an elegant black
silk costume, trimmed with old lace, and a picture hat."

Showing once more that woman is so immeasurably
man's superior that she is able to equal him in achieve-
ment, yet have on what it pleases her to have on.



THE COMING OF THE THREE WISE MEN



DECEMBER 19, 1912

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. I.X.
No. 1573

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Cannon House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

WHAT a singularly contaminating person Mr. Thomas Ryan seems to be! A

Washington dispatch in the newspapers on the day of this writing explains that when Mr. Oscar Underwood dined with Mr. Ryan in New York three days before, along with Mr. Nelson Aldrich of Rhode Island and Senator Bailey, it was a "purely social affair," and the story that a legislative programme was debated was ludicrous.

Yes. No doubt they talked about horses and tight money and Mr. Morgan's new objects of acquisition and the hobble-skirt fashion in women's clothes, and such innocent matters. Mr. Underwood would not make any explanation at all. Some political friends of his made it because they felt that the news that he had dined with Mr. Ryan needed a foot note.

It is to be rather sorry for Mr. Ryan. Ladies and clergymen may dine with him without the slightest injury to their reputations, but politicians who accept his hospitalities have to go by the back way with their motor goggles on and their coat collars turned high up. And if they are caught at it, next one observes them walking towards the woods to bury their clothes, with a friend along carrying an extra suit. To have Mr. Ryan's money traced to any one is like having that person's picture accepted for the rogue's gallery. Mr. Jerome has never quite regained the place he had in public favor before it came out that he had matched for drinks with a couple of Mr. Ryan's boys. It never transpired, that we know of, that he won, and thus got

the usufruct of some of Mr. Ryan's gains, transmuted into alcohol and distributed through a filial channel. The mere chance that he might have won was enough.

The Roman Catholic Church can digest Mr. Ryan's money successfully, but that is a very robust organization and catholic in its acceptances as it should be. Mr. Ryan has built some beautiful and very costly churches, both in New York and Virginia. He does that mighty well, and we presume he gives very liberally to charities. That was a lovely act of charity he did when he put up three or four hundred thousand dollars of excellent money to provide decent obituary services and terminal facilities for the Democratic Parker campaign in 1904. It is to admire the large, unadvertised benevolence of that action. Mr. Ryan is a mighty good burier anyhow, and would have been grand in the undertaker business.

Something like that must be the reason why the live politicians quake so at his shadow. They are not ready to be buried. They hear he is a planter now, and they fear he plants folks. It can't be that his money is so superlatively foul. Possibly he has been less fastidious in self-help than he should have been. The Metropolitan Railroad stock profits are disapproved, to be sure, but there is lots of money about of quite as unfortunate a derivation, and some worse, which does not carry with it the terrifying wraith of infection that Mr. Ryan's money does. Maybe that's because Mr. Ryan's hands are thought to be so strong and supple. He is credited with great abilities, a powerful mind, agreeable man-

ners and ready benevolence as aforesaid. No doubt he is very competent in many particulars, but in some important particulars he must have been considerably to seek, else he would have managed to avoid, or dissipate, this sinister aura of popular distrust in which he lives enveloped.

After all, the greatly successful men are those who work effectively and with leadership, in the same direction with the great forces which, first or last, must win. That seems not to have been Mr. Ryan's line. His success we take to have been no more than a diversion of a current from the main money stream into his private pond. That kind of achievement makes small eyes pop out, but in the long run it doesn't come to so very much. The pond presently runs back into the main current, leaving mud behind, and on to the ocean.



THERE is plenty to talk about, but except for local agitations like that over the New Haven road, responsible and constructive discussion of public concerns has been postponed until the new administration begins its labors. Meanwhile men wonder who will get the offices, and especially who will be in the cabinet. And especially they wonder about Mr. Bryan, and whether or not Mr. Wilson will have his assistance in running the job, and if so, whether or not, or how long, Mr. Wilson will be able to handle the assistance.

Agreement is pretty general that Mr. Bryan is not really qualified by training or habit of mind for any of the great cabinet posts; that he could not properly do the work of any of them, and probably would not try. But that is not uncommonly true of cabinet officers, and need not stand in the way of his appointment to be, say, Secretary of State, and a great many people think that Mr. Wilson would do wisely, on the whole, to offer him that office.

Where people differ is in their esti-



Andrew: "WOODY, LAD, IT'S NOT SAYIN' I'LL NO CHANGE MY MIND,—BUT GIN YE'LL NO THROW STANES AT YON DOG, TRUSTY, MAYHAP FOUR YEARS HENCE I'LL GIE YE A STUCK O' CANDY LIKE WULLY HAS YON"

mate of how Mr. Bryan would conduct himself, and what motives would govern him, if he went into Mr. Wilson's cabinet. There are those who think that all his efforts and abilities would be engrossed in the high duty of securing to the people the advantage of Mr. Bryan's domination in the present administration and his actual control of the executive functions as President following 1916. There are others who believe that he would see a sufficiently good chance to benefit the people without further delay by helping to make Mr. Wilson's administration successful, and as a cabinet officer would control his personal aspirations so far as necessary to efficient co-operation to that end. That would be the harder for him because he disproves of Mr. Underwood, the Democratic leader, in the House, and is not kindly regarded any more by Speaker Clark. So while folks who believe Mr. Wilson will invite Mr. Bryan into

the cabinet have excellent grounds for that expectation, they are no better grounded than the folks who guess Mr. Bryan will decline.

Mr. Bryan's position with Wilson elected seems considerably like Mr. Roosevelt's position with Taft elected. Mr. Roosevelt had among his effects a serviceable taste for natural history, and got it out and took to the remotest woods in the explored Earth that promised sport. But Mr. Bryan has no opportune taste for natural history, and, besides, he has not had two terms as President, nor even one. And the Earth is an awfully small place unless one goes into the woods, and the question where Mr. Bryan ought to bestow himself is sincerely perplexing. He is too big for a bandbox and too small for a cloud; if he hangs around near the White House it is doubtful if he will be happy, and if he takes to rural life he may fear that he will be forgotten. If Mr. Wilson does pretty

well, intelligent and patriotic self-interest may make an irrepressible demand on Mr. Bryan, as the seven little Governors did on Mr. Roosevelt, to bust his party in two and head one wing of it. And so Columbia, so long content with political twins, may find quadruplets in her lap!

Who can tell? This much is to be said: In cracking a nut of this sort calculation must be based on the inmost personality of the leader considered. We try to guess, not what he will wish to do because this or that happens, but what he *must* do because he is what he is. We reckon, not with immediate causes, or excuses, or words, or events, but on habits of mind and will as the record shows them. If Mr. Bryan *must* try to be the Democratic leader and perpetual candidate, he can hardly work harmoniously for long under Mr. Wilson. If anything less than that satisfies him, it may be possible to provide it.



A CHRISTMAS EVE SURPRISE

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN

The New Christmas Régime

IT was just beginning to be Christmas morning as little Bobbie Banderly awoke with a start. Still dark, he was obliged to turn on the light for an instant to see what time it was.

One o'clock.

Suddenly he heard from the regions below a slight noise. He jumped softly out of bed.

Now Bobbie, in spite of his sex, was a brave little boy. Determining not to disturb his sister, who lay calmly sleeping in the next room, he stealthily made his way down stairs. The light in the hall was turned low, but he could see the fireplace very plainly in the distance. He waited. The sound of bells overhead on the roof indicated that some one was coming.

Who could it be? His heart was in his mouth.

Fortunately he had not long to wait. There was sound of falling brick, and then—

A short dumpy person stood in the fireplace, on her back a large sized bag of toys. Bobbie, inspired by the fatal curiosity that his sex had suddenly developed, bounded forward.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed.

The fat lady bowed.

"Don't you see? I am Mrs. Santa Claus."

"And Mr. Santa Claus?"

"Oh! *He* has permanently retired. He found that he wasn't equal to the job. Being only a man, he was limited in his capacities."

Bobbie was silent for a moment. Then his face brightened.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Now I know. You are a suffragette, are you not? And oh!"—he clapped his hands in glee—"You are my mother."

Mrs. Santa Claus regarded him for the first time with silent sympathy.

"Do I look like your mother?" she said at last.

And Bobbie, shaking his head, replied:

"I really couldn't tell, because I haven't seen her for a long time. She's a suffragette like you. And, say! If you are not my mother, won't you stay and be one?"

Mrs. Santa Claus brushed a tear from her eye as she placed a generous bag of toys on the floor and prepared to depart.

"I wish I might," she said. "But I must obey the voice of Duty! Think of all the other little boys and girls I must visit to-day whose mothers are suffragettes!"

Knowing

BIG AUNTIE: Well, Tommy, so Santa Claus was good to you, was he? Brought you lots of things, did he?

LITTLE TOMMY: Huh! You can't fool me! There ain't any Santa. It's Dad—and he's the stork, too!



"SEE 'ERE, MR. JOHNSING, THAT THIEF WORE RUBBERS AND WALKED BACKWARDS."

"THEN WE MUST LOOK OUT FOR A MAN WITH RECED-
IN' GUMS."



"PURPOSELESS" CHILDREN'S STORIES
WILL these HAVE TO GO NEXT?

Advertisement



THE English suffragettes have recently adopted a new scheme. They band themselves together and walk through the country, one of their latest trips being from Dublin to London. Thus they advertise themselves and their cause. Publicity is the greatest adjunct to ultimate success.

Why not carry this idea a little further? Why not be classified so that the public can tell in just what strata of suffragitis you happen to be? Every suffragette should wear a small placard with a description of just what she is. For example:

Harmless: Believes what is told her by others.

Dangerous: If opposed will break

down doors and smash windows.

"Give me a wide berth."

"I interrupt all speakers, no matter where they are. I love to do it. If you want to make trouble, invite me into the audience."

"I look gentle; but beware!"

"I'm deceitful. Without any sense of honor. And have already broken up four homes."

"My specialty is getting into jail to advertise myself. Give me a chance to hit you with a hatchet."

"I argue. Will talk you deaf and dumb and blind inside of twelve hours. Once let me get hold of you and you cannot escape."

RANDALL: Is your grandson polite?

ROGERS: No, candid.

School Report

A CONVENIENT method of disposing of educational questions is to secure the report of an expert on your school system, and then because it does not commend that school system, to refuse to adopt it. This is what has happened in the case of our New York school system. Prof. Ernest C. Moore, of Yale University, was asked to find fault with the one in New York—or at least to point out its deficiencies. He did so, and the Board of Estimate, after reading what Professor Moore had to say, concluded that the report is "false, inaccurate, and misleading."

The only way to do with any gentleman whom you ask to investigate your system is to make an arrangement beforehand to have him furnish a favorable report.

"Statistics Prove"

"STATISTICS prove" so many things:

The size of towns, the height of kings,
The age of children in the schools,
The skull development of fools,
The salaries that parsons get,
The number of abodes to let,
The wealth of lucky millionaires,
The price of hens and mining shares—
All things below and things above,
It seems to be, "statistics prove."

But no! statistics never yet
Appraised a single violet,
Measured the glances of an eye,
Or probed the sorrow of a sigh.
Statistics never caught the gleam
That dances on a meadow stream,
Or weighed the anthem of a bird
In forest aisles devoutly heard.
Statistics never proved a soul,
In high or low, in part or whole.
Sin, beauty, passion, honor, love—
How much statistics cannot prove!

Amos R. Wells.



"WON'T YE PLEASE HURRY, MISTER. HE'S GOT MY SKATES ON"

HOBB: You've been spending a week with Perkins, haven't you? How is his house furnished inside?

NORB: I never noticed.

"Well, he always did have good taste."

CRAWFORD: Do you object to the hobble skirt because it shows a woman's curves?

CRABSHAW: No, my boy. My only objection is when it's worn by women who haven't any curves.



WHY CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND

Woman's Soul Revealed At Last

Greatest Discovery of the Age Will Revolutionize All Living. Swami Baa Baa Takes His Honors Calmly



THAT the secret of woman's soul should have at last been discovered, and that we should be able to tell just what every woman will do at any hour is creating intense excitement everywhere.

Swami Baa Baa, who discovered the secret, is admitted by all to be the greatest yogi in the world, and is

employed exclusively by LIFE's Vibration Parlors. Yesterday the Swami consented to be interviewed, although it can readily be imagined that he is a very busy man. He receives constantly delegations of ladies from all parts of the country, many of them leaders of society. A list of their names would astonish everybody.

"Yes," said the Swami, stroking his long and venerable beard, "it is true that I have discovered the secret of woman's soul, and that I have succeeded, where a long line of Oriental yogis before me have failed. At the same time, it ought to be stated in all fairness that I could not have made the discovery if my brothers in the past had not led up to it. The great stumbling block in the way has been the belief that woman was one person; when I discovered that she took on personalities constantly, and that the nature of these personalities could be understood and predicted in advance, all then became plain."

The method of separating the different personalities in every woman is known only to the Swami, who will, however, impart it to anyone on receipt of a modest sum, enough to cover the expense of postage and stationery—plus other purely incidental expenses; also the Swami's time. We shall be glad, however, to answer any questions. A gentleman writes as follows:

DEAR SIR:

I have made a lifelong study of women, having married several of them, but up to date I have made little progress in being able to predict what they will do under given circumstances. At present I am married to a flighty young thing, who is getting away with my income so fast that I can't even make a preliminary deposit, but if you can give me a few directions to start with, I will be glad to pay later a good round sum for the information.

Yours anxiously,

We take pleasure in replying to this gentleman, free of all charge. In order to understand woman, you must first cultivate the psychic eye. This can be done in various ways, principally, however, by concentrating. Place yourself in a passive state, and, clos-



Concentrate on the first glittering thing you see

ing your eyes and breathing alternately, bring up the psychic spectrum, which consists of all the colors of the rainbow. Then begin to form circles, while summoning all power. Soon you will get the tattvic vibrations going, and by constant practise you will be able to visualize impressions.

Now it must be remembered that every woman has all the way from two personalities up to a dozen, or even more, according to the number of her previous incarnations. These succeed each other with great rapidity, but after they have been duly tabulated, you can, by looking closely at the lady with your psychic eye, tell when another is coming; this is affected not alone by rhythmic breathing, but also by regulating the vibratory circle of your auric envelope in harmony with the seventh chromatic scale; to do this it is necessary to lie parallel with the magnetic needle. Many of our customers have not been able to acquire great vibratory power, merely because they neglected this simple precaution. Unless you lie north and south, the yellow and blue actinic vibrations do not pass through you.

You start then with the axiom (discovered by Swami Baa Baa) that every one has the same personality at nine o'clock in the morning; by training your psychic eye, and noticing the colors any woman affects at this hour, you can tell when this personality merges into another. In about a week you can tabulate your wife with ease. After this, you live a life of continual bliss; in other words, you know when to avoid trouble. The following statement, just received, will reveal the Swami's method:

DEAR SIR:

How can I thank you! Last week I was a miserable man. Now I am monarch of all I survey. My wife has six personalities; these, of course, are entirely distinct from her subliminal self, her aura and her Ego. I've got them all located.

To fix the thing in my mind, I have named each one by a different name, Clara, Maud, Sadie, etc. I can tell to an absolute certainty just when Clara is coming on, and how long she will stay.

I rather like Clara; she is a good sort, but Maud is a terror. She vibrates eight hundred times a minute, while Clara goes along at a steady jog trot of about three hundred and fifty. Sadie is pleasant enough, but a terrible spender; Daisy, on the other hand, is very economical. What I am trying to do now is to invent some scheme to change Sadie into Daisy dur-



ing the days they all go shopping. Can you give me a hint? I'll give you twenty per cent. commission. Can it be done by waving colors?

With a little practise I expect to be able to change my wife's personality at will. I begin to feel like a psychic Brigham Young.

Think of what this means! But I must stop. Here comes Maud! I fly!

Yours gratefully,

Don't wait! Remember that the various personalities of the woman you love are all important. Why not place them on file. Concentrate on the first glittering thing you see, and follow this up by a personal call.

Life's Vibration Parlors.

It Made a Difference

"IF I ever get hold of Binks I'll thrash him so that his mother wouldn't recognize him."

"What's the matter?"

"He's been slandering me. He says that I beat him out of five dollars in a poker game."

"Not at all. I heard the remark myself."

"What did he say?"

"He said that you beat him out of five thousand dollars in a wheat deal."

"Oh, well, then, I suppose it is all right. I hardly thought he was the kind of man to go around telling stories that reflected on my character."



There lived in far Beloochistan a very crafty leopard. Who often dined upon the sheep of Ali Khan, the sheopard; But serving dinners on the side put Ali's job in jeopardy, And so this leopard's tawny hide, with B. B. shot was peopled.



"WHAT DID I HIT?"

"NORTH AMERICA."

"The Same Song, With Different Words and Music"

"HERE is the dog Fido that you so kindly loaned me a month ago, little boy," said the great surgeon to the small street urchin. The lad took one look at the abject creature standing between the surgeon's legs and burst into tears.

"Taint Fido 't all," he wailed.

"I assure you it is Fido," insisted the great surgeon.

"Taint Fido's legs," sobbed the boy.

"Oh as for that—we've altered him in places, of course. The legs, as you say, have been changed. I took them off one evening before dinner and grafted others in their place. My technique was so perfect that it is almost impossible to detect the scar. Paralysis was the only result—a beautiful operation."

"Taint Fido's tail, neither," whimpered the boy.

"True, the tail was also changed. I swopped with a bulldog that unfortunately died before I meant him to and quite spoiled his half of the experiment."

"Taint Fido's outsides."

"The skin is new, I admit. I interchanged with a dachshund."

"He don't know me. I bet 'taint Fido's insides neither."

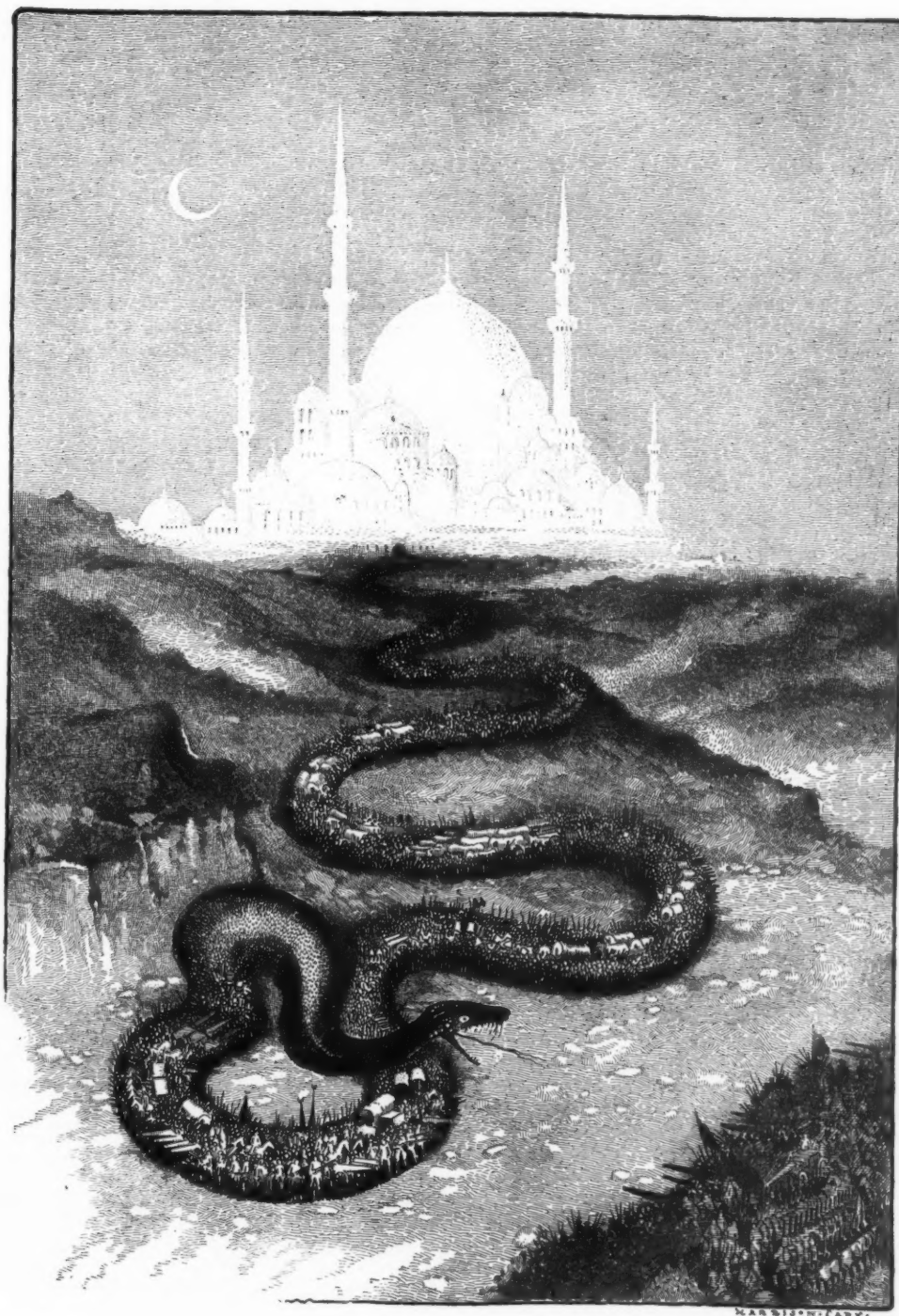
"We-ell, perhaps not. The heart, liver, lungs and intestines have all been removed and the corresponding organs of other dogs substituted. The right ear and one-half the skull are also those of a brother canine. Outside of these minor details it is the same dog."

The boy shook his head and turned away.

"It may be the same dog," he said, sadly, "but 'taint Fido."

B RIGGS: Is Calker a Democrat?

GRIGGS: I think not. I haven't heard his name mentioned for the cabinet.



AT BAY
THE SERPENT OF THE EAST



THE JOY OF THEATREGOING

THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS DESERVE MORE THAN THE PUBLIC GIVES THEM FOR THEIR EFFORTS TO MAKE THEATREGOING A PLEASURE FREE FROM ANNOYANCE.

THE PATRON WHO HAS SCURRIED FROM TICKET SPECULATOR TO TICKET SPECULATOR FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF CONTRIBUTING AN EXTRA FIFTY CENTS ON EACH TICKET TO THE MANAGERIAL TREASURY SHOULD PAY MORE FOR THAT EXASPERATING EXHILARATION.

THE ASSAULTS OF THE COAT-ROOM ATTENDANTS AS ONE ENTERS THE THEATRE ADD TO THE GENERAL PLEASURE, AND IF THE TIPS WERE MADE LARGER THE COAT-ROOM PRIVILEGE WOULD NET MORE MONEY FOR THE MANAGERS.

TEN CENTS IS ALTOGETHER TOO SMALL A PRICE FOR THE PROGRAMMES. THE LADY OR GENTLEMAN WHO IS FORCED TO DIG DOWN INTO HIS OR HER APPAREL TO FETCH UP THAT AMOUNT MIGHT JUST AS WELL PRODUCE A QUARTER.

IT HURTS THE FEELINGS OF THE PUBLIC TO SEE THE USHERS AND COAT-ROOM BOYS IDLING THROUGH THE PERFORMANCE. THEY OUGHT TO BE CIRCULATING THROUGH THE HOUSE SELLING PEANUTS AND PINK LEMONADE. THIS WOULD GIVE THE PUBLIC ANOTHER CHANCE TO CONTRIBUTE.

THE SEATS IN MOST OF THE THEATRES ARE TOO WIDE, AND THERE IS TOO MUCH SPACE BETWEEN THE ROWS. AS IT IS, CHILDREN AND DWARFS CAN BE COMFORTABLE IN THEM. IF THEY WERE ONLY A LITTLE NARROWER AND CLOSER TOGETHER, NO ONE COULD BE COMFORTABLE, AND THERE WOULD BE MORE SEATS FOR THE MANAGER TO SELL.

ALL THESE THINGS ADD AN AIR OF ELEGANCE TO THE THEATRE AND PUT THE SPECTATOR IN A CHEERFUL FRAME OF MIND TO ENJOY AND APPLAUD THE PERFORMANCE.

GO TO IT, MANAGERS. THINK UP SOME MORE PETTY EXACTIONS WHICH WILL PUT MONEY IN YOUR PURSES.

THE AMERICAN LIKES IT. HE HASN'T ANY SPINE TO RESENT SMALL IMPOSITIONS, ESPECIALLY IF THERE ARE WOMEN FOLKS AROUND. HE'S AFRAID THEY'LL THINK HE'S A PIKER. GO AS FAR AS YOU LIKE. HE'S A MORAL COWARD AND WON'T RESENT IT. SOAK IT TO HIM.

ONE THING HAS BEEN OVERLOOKED. JUST BEFORE THE LAST ACT THE CONTRIBUTION BAG SHOULD BE PASSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MANAGER.



A Little More Free Discussion



NOT since Miss Rachel Crothers's "A Man's World" have we had quite so frank a setting forth of the injustice of the double standard of morality as is given in "Hindle Wakes." Of course these dramatic

presentments of such problems bring us no nearer solutions except in so far as they stimulate discussion. The world is revolving very rapidly just now and we progress so fast that, if the double standard is assailed often enough on the stage and elsewhere, some of our twentieth century cure-alls may find a remedy for an injustice which is almost as ancient as sex itself. At all events a great many persons like to think and talk about it, and they will find plenty of stimulant for discussion in "Hindle Wakes."



THE settling factor in this play is the one which is going to have great weight in the settlement of the prob-



COMPOSITE DRAMAS

"BROADWAY JONES" GETS A LITTLE
"READY MONEY"

lem in the world at large. The heroine was able to earn her own living. Therefore she refused to be forced into a distasteful marriage as a cure and atonement for a very natural indiscretion. The enfranchisement of women from the tyranny of bread-and-butter dependence is a more important matter to them than the right to vote. Suffrage would have provided no defense for *Fanny Hawthorne* against the pressure of home authority and conventionalism brought to bear on her, and the fact that she could earn twenty-five shillings a week at the loom enabled her to settle the matter in her own way and without tyrannical restrictions.

"HINDLE WAKES" is a simple story without strongly dramatic features or situations, but it is told so adroitly and is interpreted so well by the English company brought over for the purpose that there is no break in the sustained interest. The whole thing is an output of the stock theatre conducted by Miss Horniman at Manchester and is an example of the same naturalistic tendency shown in the work of the Irish Players. The *Nathaniel Jeffcote* of Mr. Herbert Lomas is almost a star performance, so perfectly does he emphasize every point in the delineation of the old mill owner, self-made, self-willed, master of his own house, but with a strict sense of justice, a not unkindly heart and a sly sense of humor. Equally good in a different and smaller way is Mr. James C. Taylor's *Christopher Hawthorne*, the other father. His wife as portrayed by Alice O'Dea is a quaint piece of acting in the shrew line and fits well in the picture. Although the action hinges on the character of *Fanny Hawthorne*, she is not much on the stage, but in her two important scenes succeeds in making a very unusual character both understandable and credible. The rest of the cast is entirely competent, and the team work of the company is admirable.

Unless one wishes to inspire one's daughters with the spirit of revolt, "Hindle Wakes" is not for the young person. Those of mature age or already emancipated ideas will find it an interesting and well performed play.



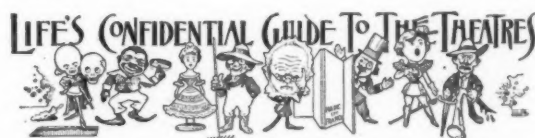
IF the prohibition by the authorities of the proposed Sunday night performances of the Stage Society of New York it may be said that it worked no great hardship. Its promoters will doubtless find some other time for carrying out their laudable plans and, failing that, need not suffer for lack of theatrical entertainment at the fairly numerous performances of all kinds which tax the energies of playgoers through the week.

The present sufferers may experience a feeling of injustice when they see the latitude enjoyed by the vaudeville houses Sunday evenings, but they should remember that these theatres are supposed to cater to persons in the community who have few home amusements and no resources for entertainment within themselves.

Every little while some one makes an effort to put New York on the plane of Chicago in this respect, but so far the weight of public sentiment has been strongly against the change. Entirely outside the religious aspect of the matter, Sunday night is in many circles of New York society an institution with its own family or social observances which would be destroyed if Sunday night theatregoing became general.

Workers in the legitimate theatre of course oppose the movement. Sunday evening is the only one they have for anything like domestic recreation. The enforcement of the present law is a real boon to them and works hardship to no one.

Metcalf.



Astor.—"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." Very amusing and well acted romantic farce.

Belasco.—"Last week of 'The Case of Becky.'" A dual personality cured by hypnotism the basis of a somewhat gruesome but interesting drama.

Broadway.—"The Sun Dodgers." Messrs. George W. Monroe, Harry Fisher and Bessie Wynn as the principal features of an elaborate girl-and-music show.

Casino.—"One week of Harry Lauder in vaudeville bill.

Century.—"The Daughter of Heaven." Handsomely staged Chinese drama.

Cohan's.—"Broadway Jones." Up-to-date farcical comedy, diverting and well done.

Comedy.—"Fanny's First Play." Mr. George Bernard Shaw at his wittiest and most satirical as the author of another drive at the British middle classes.

Criterion.—"Opens Christmas week with Mr. Robert Hilliard in 'The Argyle Case.'"

Daly's.—"The Red Petticoat." Not remarkable farce successfully made the libretto of a moderately diverting musical piece.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." American melodrama of the day. Very interesting and well acted and with a strong popular appeal.

Empire.—"Mr. Hichens's novel 'Bella Donna' dramatized as a vehicle for the curious personality of Mme. Nazimova. Unusual and high-flavored.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Mr. William Collier in 'Never Say Die.' Very laughable light comedy.

Fulton.—"The Yellow Jacket." Unusual and highly amusing demonstration of a Chinese play done in Chinese fashion.

Garden.—"Mr. John E. Keller in 'Hamlet.' Intelligent but not imposing.

Garrick.—"The Conspiracy," by J. Roberts.

Globe.—"The Lady of the Slipper." The Cinderella fairy tale the basis of a well staged girl-and-music show, with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone and Elsie Janis as principals.

Hippodrome.—"Under Many Flags." Stunning spectacle, ballet and stage pictures of foreign scenes.

Hudson.—"Mrs. Fiske in 'The High Road,' by Mr. Edward Sheldon. Well acted and interesting drama based on practical politics of to-day.

Knickerbocker.—"Oh! Oh! Delphine." Unusually amusing and well presented girl-and-music show.

Little.—"Afternoons, 'Snow White' and the 'Seven Dwarfs.' Amusing performance of Grimm fairy tale for children.

Lyceum.—"The 'Mird-the-Paint' Girl." Last fortnight of Mr. Pinero's dramatic exposition of the relations between the English nobility and the ladies of the London musical comedy stage.

Lyric.—"Mme. Trentini in 'The Firefly.' A comic opera of more than usual merit, both in the quality of the music and the way it is rendered.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Whip." Big London melodrama very well done and very stirring.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Hindle Wakes." See above.

Moulin Rouge.—"Ziegfeld's Follies." Tired-business-man show, mostly girls.

Playhouse.—"Little Women." Simple domestic life in New England half a century ago, chronicled by Louisa M. Alcott and from her famous book, successfully transferred to the stage.

Republic.—"The Governor's Lady." Emma Dunn as the leading woman of a fairly interesting American drama staged by Mr. Belasco.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Annie Russell's company in 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Well done.

Weber and Fields Music Hall.—"Roly Poly." Elaborate show of the old kind but lacking the ginger of early days.

Winter Garden.—"Gertrude Hoffmann, in 'Broadway to Paris.' Mostly girls and ragtime, and a whole lot of both.

We Are Strangely Misjudged

New York went through the usual motions of protest when asked to pay ten cents for the bread and butter served at restaurants and hotels. But that was only a matter of form. New York is nothing if not obedient. She takes her orders and she carries them out. And when she flatters herself that she is kicking at some new outrage, it will always be noticed that she is kicking the air and will never be able to hit anyone.—*Argonaut.*

OUR Western friend does not understand. It is ready to assume that we really wanted to make a protest about the bread and butter charge. That shows a lamentable ignorance of the true spirit of all New Yorkers.

On the contrary, being robbed is with us a habit. Not only do we expect it, but one of the chief pleasures that we get is in having some new phase of robbery thrust upon us.

When, therefore, the hotels suddenly conceived the idea of charging extra for bread and butter, the whole town was in a flutter of pleasure over the new sensation. For that, after all, is the only thing that counts in New York. It is being robbed in the same old way day after day and week after week that gets on one's nerves. Monotony is the curse of metropolitan life. To sit constantly in the same restaurants, to view the same painted faces, to indulge in the same stock exchange and sporting talk, to listen to the same music, and to be robbed in the same old way by the same old management—all this is deadly. What praise, therefore, ought to be bestowed upon that unknown genius who suddenly discovered that it was possible to charge ten cents extra for bread and butter!

Dear friend, it has furnished a new topic of conversation for at least ten days. That alone is worth the price of \$75,000 a week which you tell us it is costing.

New York, under the best of circumstances, is the dull-



"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

est place in the country. Why should you begrudge us the small satisfaction of being robbed in some new way, and then do us the injustice to believe that we don't like it?

Not a Princeton Job

MR. REEDY'S lively *St. Louis Mirror*, remarking upon some remarks in *LIFE*, says: "It was Wilson's democratizing of Princeton that made him Governor of New Jersey."

Mr. Reedy seems imperfectly informed. Dr. Wilson didn't democratize Princeton. He tried to, but failed. And his effort hadn't much to do with getting him the nomination for Governor of New Jersey. Anyhow, it didn't help; except possibly a very little because it made some very influential Princeton men so anxious to get him out of Princeton that they were glad to have him nominated for Governor. But their back-handed zeal was much more useful in getting him elected Governor than in getting him nominated. We have heard that when his candidacy for President got to be serious, they considered that the job of getting rid of him was being overdone and got to work to beat him. But they couldn't.



"DAMNING THE MISSISSIPPI"



The Gambler: SAY! YER HONOR, WHAT'S THE USE WASTIN' TIME LISTENIN' TO THESE LAW-SHARKS?
I'LL MATCH YER WHETHER I'M GUILTY OR NOT

Too Much Courtesy

COURTESY is not, as a rule, alarming. But the word takes a new meaning when a Rockefeller scientist is permitted to experiment on 146 hospital patients through the "courtesy" of the physicians in charge. Had these experiments been made through the courtesy of the victims themselves we should be impressed by their spirit of self sacrifice. If the researcher had said to these patients: "Have I your permission to inject into your system a concoction more or less related to a hideous disease?"—the invalids might have declined. The more courteous physicians, however, kindly grant per-

mission to experiment—not on themselves—but on 146 human beings in their care.

In their benevolent, fatherly care.

This sense of ownership on the part of hospital doctors—absolute and irresponsible ownership of their patients, must be enjoyable. They appear to regard these patients as their personal property; the public hospitals as branches of the Rockefeller Institute, and persons confided to their care, along with dogs and monkeys, merely as so much "material."

Is this the purpose of public hospitals?

Life's All-American Football Team

RIGHT Half—W. Wilson (captain).

Fullback—T. Roosevelt.

Left Half—E. Debs.

Quarterback—O. Straus.

Right End—H. Johnson.

Right Tackle—W. Barnes.

Right Guard—C. Murphy.

Center—W. Taft.

Left Guard—O. Underwood.

Left Tackle—W. Bryan.

Left End—W. Sulzer.

Water Boy—G. Perkins.

Cheer Leader—W. Hearst.



LIFE.



Asleep
at the
Post



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



A Man in the Open, by Roger Pocock. A mosaic of supposed dictations, diary extracts and correspondence, giving the adventurous history of a waif's career.

Between Two Thieves, by Richard Dehan. A panoramic historical romance of the Crimean War, in which examples of Dickens-like characterization are joined to passages of pseudo-history Carlisle-ish in their offensive partisanship.

By-Paths in Collecting, by Virginia Robie. An interesting treatise upon the pursuit of the less strenuously sought for antiques.

Daddy-Long-Legs, by Jean Webster. The letters of an ex-orphan asylum orphan to the anonymous benefactor who is sending her to college. A book that bubbles.

The Flaw in the Crystal, by May Sinclair. A story in which impalpable medi-

umistic matters are moulded into the concrete impulses of a psychic drama.

The Flowing Road, by Caspar Whitney. By cargo-boat and dugout from the Amazon to the Orinoco. An unusual travel book of distinct interest.

The Inn of Tranquillity, by John Galsworthy. Comments upon life and art contained in a series of essays, self commentings and verbal vignettes, all of which are interesting and some of which are exquisite.

A Journey to Ohio in 1810, by Margaret Van Horn Dwight. The just published journal of a young girl, which gives us curious glimpses of travel on the national highway.

Marriage, by H. G. Wells. A story against the reading of which all those are warned who expect big problems to be solved by little books; but which is commended to all who sense a vital connection between the problems of their time and the life of their day.

Mrs. Lancelot, by Maurice Hewlett. A nice analysis of an eighteenth century

situation ruined by an attempt to make its romance stay romance to the end.

The Midlanders, by Charles Tenney Jackson. See below.

Twice Around the World, by Edgar Allen Forbes. A brave but fruitless attempt to give to globe trotting de luxe the savor of Sinbad's voyages.

Valserine and Other Stories, by Margaret Audoux. Both the French and English text (*le dernier cri* in padding) of some descriptive sketches by the author of "Marie Claire."

A Woman of Genius, by Mary Austin. The supposed autobiography of an American actress. An interesting attempt at feminine self-analysis.

Your United States, by Arnold Bennett. The "bread and butter letters" of a clever, witty and professionally tactful visitor.

The Wind Before the Dawn, by Dell Munger. A big-hearted and loose-jointed story of life on the Kansas prairies. Special blizzard, grasshopper and cyclone annexes.

If We Are Discovered We Are Found

IT doesn't make the least difference where you happen to find yourself, whether in Paris or Pekin, in Reality Town or in Melodrama-land, the chief feature of the unwritten statute-book everywhere is the law against being found out. But the particular things that it is fatal to be found out in differ radically in these various places, and indeed, as between Reality Town and Melodrama-land, they are often so uniquely characteristic of their respective localities that in sailing the uncharted seas of fiction one can sometimes correct one's dead reckoning as to latitude and longitude by a single observation of such an unmasking.

This, for instance, is the case in Charles Tenney Jackson's "The Midlanders" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.35). "The Midlanders" tells the story of a gay hearted girl-child stolen from a New Orleans convent by a one-legged, swamp-dwelling, unreconstructed veteran of the War of the Rebellion; a girl-child who, after some years of happy-go-lucky hand-to-mouthing in the back bayous of Louisiana and on the bosom of the Mississippi, ties up

with her peg-legged and day-dreaming guardian to the foreshore of an Iowa river town, where in due time she becomes the social and political storm center of its disintegrating standards.

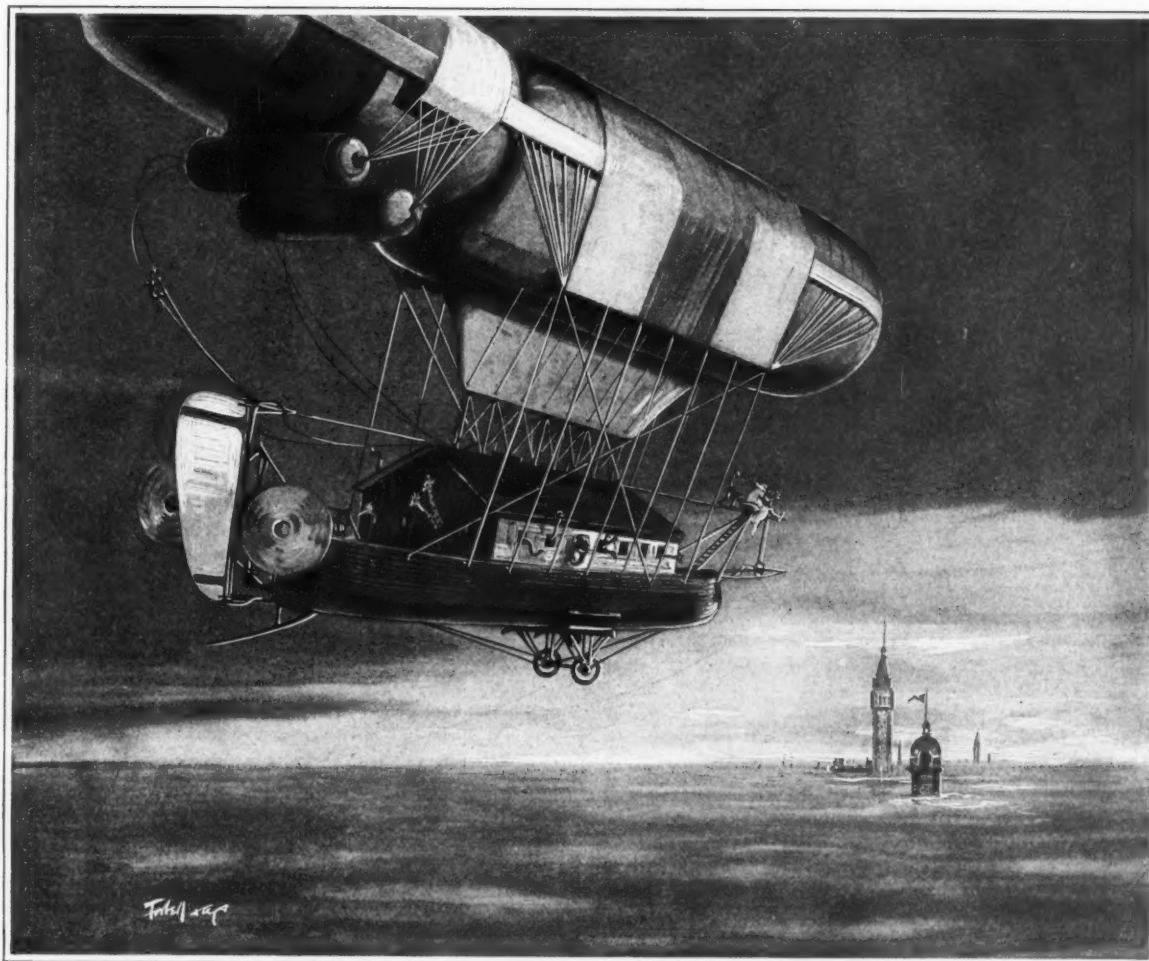
It is a tale the central theme of which is the overwhelming of the dykes of conservatism—the conservatism of established social caste and vested political graft—in the central Mississippi Valley of the past decade by the inflooding spirit of insurgency



"LEAVE TO PRINT"

and of the Wisconsin Idea; and as its author has already, in "My Brother's Keeper" shown an earnest interest and a rough handed skill in catching the spirit of the times in a noose of fiction, one follows with some amusement, but with only the scantiest and most instantly dismissed suspicions as to one's true destination, while the undermining of the ineffable, corn-fed, self-complacency of Rome, Iowa and the rococo and flamboyant career of the maturing girl-child are unrolled together before one's eyes. Even when the grown up but still outlawed heroine wins the heart of the only son of the best family; monopolizes the mysteriously emotional affections of the town's black sheep, the editor of the intransigent local weekly; wins the beauty prize in a Chicago newspaper contest; takes Broadway by storm from the comic opera stage and turns out to own a rosary with a private mark upon its pendent cross; we resolutely refuse to see whither we are tending.

But when, just as the gangsters of the old Rome régime are faced with



IF NOAH HAD POSTPONED HIS LITTLE TRIP

prison and the scapegrace editor, now champion of the new ideals, is on the verge of a triumphant victory at the polls, he is covered with confusion, threatened with disgrace and forced to withdraw by the discovery that, without his having known it, the girl is his daughter by an early marriage; then, instantly, as though we had "taken the sun" after a week of fog, we know our exact and authentic location. We are lying, east by south one-half east, three degrees from the heart of Melodrama-land.

J. B. Kerfoot.

EVERY cat has its night.

Hail San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO has proved itself to be the most delightful American city in which to commit suicide. San Francisco's rate per one hundred thousand of population is fifty-two annually. The next city on the list is San Diego. Indeed, of the ten cities having the highest rate, five are in California. The leader of the Eastern cities is Hoboken. This, however, is a little more easily understood. But why auto-euthanasia should be so popular on the Western coast is difficult to see when we read the glowing booklets from that region.

Tips in Court

IT has been decided by the Supreme Court of Iowa, that employees of hotels may lawfully retain the tips that are given to them. Concurrence with this decision will be welcomed by the public in New York. The practise of New York hotels in compelling their employees to turn their tips over to the management is not popular with the contributors of the tips. It is very small business, of which the best that can be said is that it makes the whole tipping custom absurd.

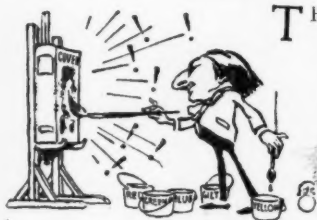
NOTHING exceeds like success.



THE FIRST TIME

Hints for Fiction Writers

The Different Styles of Current Fiction and Framework for Stories of the Various Types



THE feud story: Take one family of Holcombs, one family of Hatwoods, a few slouch hats, some Winchester rifles, some "moonshine" liquor, a sprig of rhododendron; sprinkle well with "we'uns" and "you alls" and serve in three thousand-word lengths.

The "red blood" story: Requirements, one civil engineer, an uncivil landowner, a deep gulch, a right-of-way, a railroad president and his daughter. Place all of these characters in a runaway train, have it blown up by dynamite, but get the first train over the new line in time. If illustrated, young engineer must be dressed in a khaki suit with a broad-brimmed hat.

The detective story: One shrewd detective, four stolid policemen with Irish names, three finger prints, three fingers of liquor, a stolen tiara and a beautiful damsel. Use a desperate criminal if necessary. These characters in a successive setting of suburban mansion, police station, state prison, and the trick is done. Detective may or may not wed the girl, as may suit the whim of the writer.

The business story: Two young brokers, one young woman, a scene in Wall street, a panic, two stock tickers and a bankruptcy proceeding. A new idea would be to refer to some stock as "P., D. & Q. Preferred."

The newspaper story: First essential, gruff city editor. After that four "star" reporters and one unappreciated "cub." The conversation must be replete with "scoops"

and "clean copy" and "throbbing presses." Let the "cub" get the big "beat" and have the story printed on the first page just as it comes from his typewriter "pulsing with human interest." On the strength of the story raise the "cub's" salary to seventy-five dollars a week. (Remember, we are speaking of fiction.)

The society story: Use most any character you can pick up, but not until he is manicured and attired in a dress suit. Arrange for a reception at the home of some "Mrs. Van Something or Other" and have Mr. Gordon fall in love with Miss Trelevan. Arrange for the wedding right after the Yale-Harvard game.

The love story: Young woman, young man, gush, slush, mush.
Hinton Gilmore.

His Hope

MANDY: What foh yo been goin' to de post-office so reg'lar? Are yo correspondin' wif some other female?

RASTUS: Nope, but since ah been a-readin' in de papers 'bout dese "conscience funds" ah kind of thought ah might possibly git a lettah from dat ministah what married us.



THAT AGONIZING MOMENT

WHEN YOU KNOW YOU ARE THE NEXT TO BE CALLED ON



THEY WILL GET A SQUARE MEAL IF DADDY'S PICTURE IS SOLD

The Courts

CCOURT of Last Resort—Wooing an old maid.

Criminal Court—Where Cupidity, not Cupid, presides.

Circuit Court—Flirtations of a traveling man.

Superior Court—The first one.

Inferior Court—The last one.

Probate Court—Wooing a widow with a will.

Intermediate Court—Summer resort affairs.

Up-to-Date Methods

A PARAGRAPH in the *Sun* from Berlin states that cremation is making progress in Germany, there having been a considerable increase during the last twelve months. The

same thing is true of England, Italy and Japan.

We ourselves are not so far behind. The other day seven passengers were cremated on the New Haven Road. We are ahead of the rest of the world in the fact that we do not always wait for people to die.

An Imperative Need

NOW that the season of formal football is over, it is to be hoped that our football experts will find time to draw up suitable rules to cover the present scramble for office. The sudden accession of the Democrats to power has brought on a scrimmage which is sure to result in great loss of life and limb, unless such things as hitting below the belt, flying wedges, intricate mass plays, et cetera, are

strictly debarred. Only the football experts are equal to the task. Let them tackle it without delay.



BASEBALL TALK

"He was thrown out at home, after making a dazzling hit"



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

A Change of Habits

"If the high cost of living keeps on the rich themselves will feel the pinch of it."

The speaker was Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo. He continued:

"I know a Toledo banker who has already begun to retrench. His daughter said to him the other day:

"Father, dear, I need a new fall riding habit."

"Can't afford it," the banker growled.

"But, father, what am I to do without a riding habit?"

"Get the walking habit."

—New York Tribune.

First Sight

"They fell in love at first sight."

"How did it come about?"

"He was looking through Bradstreet's and she through the Blue Book."

—Lippincott's.



A "MOVING" PICTURE

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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GRAY & DAVIS QUALITY EQUIPMENT FOR CARS

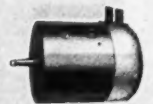
DEMAND THESE PRODUCTS ON THE CAR YOU PURCHASE



LIGHTING DYNAMO



ELECTRIC LAMPS



ELECTRIC STARTER (6 Volts)

Lighting Dynamo

Operated by the engine, lights all lamps, charges batteries, provides current for Electric Starter. The only Constant Speed Dynamo—the first practicable and most highly perfected system designed for automobile use. Used on 1913 Peerless Cars.

Electric Lamps

GRAY & DAVIS Electric Lamps are lamps of Quality. Beautifully constructed of substantial material. They are handsome in line and finish, give maximum illumination and greatly add to the appearance of any car. Used on 1913 Peerless Cars.

Electric Starter (6 volts)

The most powerful of all starters. No complicated controls—only a simple switch. Will spin a "Six" or 11 hours, propel 2 miles or start an engine that has stopped on "dead center." Requires but a 6 volt battery—charged automatically and without expense by the Dynamo. Used on 1913 Peerless Cars.

Cars carrying GRAY & DAVIS equipment are good cars to buy!

Write for Full Information

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., 55 Lansdowne St., BOSTON, MASS.
Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, Dynamos and Electric Starters

An Accomplished Minister

Church service was over on Christmas morning and three prominent members walked home together, discussing the sermon.

"I tell you," said the first enthusiastically, "Doctor Blank can certainly dive deeper into the truth than any preacher I ever heard!"

"Y-es," said the second man, "and he can stay under longer."

"Yes," said the third, "and come up drier."—Ladies' Home Journal.

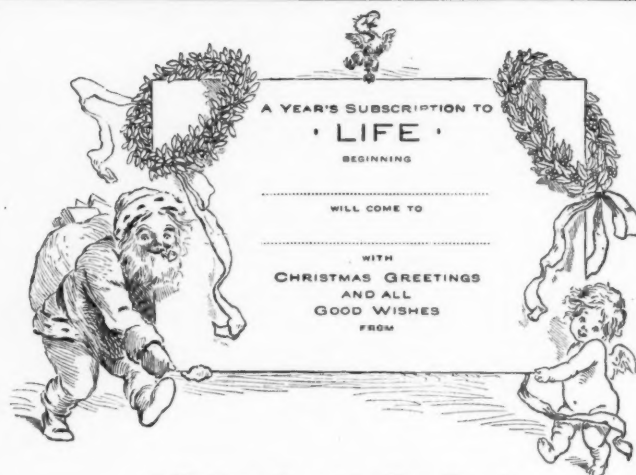
Hypochondriasis

"Good morning, Mrs. McCarty!" said Mrs. Ryan, as the friends met at the market. "How's all the folks getting along?"

"They be all doin' well," replied Mrs. McCarty, "except my old man. He's been enjoyin' poor health for some toime, but this mornin' he complained of feelin' better."—Youth's Companion.

"Would you marry him if you were me?"

"I'd marry any one that asked me, if I were you."—Houston Post.



A Christmas Present for Your Friend

Life, 17 West 31, New York

Enclosed find _____ Dollars for which send Life as a Christmas present for one year with the card reproduced above, to

Name _____

P. O. _____

Street _____

Yours truly _____

One Year \$5, Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04

Rhymed Reviews

Why Women Are So

(By Mary Roberts Coolidge. Henry Holt & Co.)

If Woman in our hours of ease
Betrays a Trifling Disposition,
That only goes to show that she's
The slave of Hampering Tradition.

When Man, as free as heaven's dome,
Went gaily forth to hunt or battle,
Poor Woman kept his cavern home,
A servile, child-producing chattel.

Her ruffian lord had clubs and spears;
Her arts, to stave off blows and
slaughter,
Were Coquetry, Deceit and Tears,
And these she taught her Hopeful
Daughter.

This Daughter learned to bake and
spin;
Her industry improved her station—
Till Manufactured Goods came in
And took away her occupation.

So thus in Mid-Victorian Days
We find the Gentlewoman sitting
Absorbed in some such useful craze
As painting fans or fancy knitting.

And even now what shoals of maids
And matrons, overcharged with
leisure,
Are mostly busy matching shades
Or chasing Culturine or pleasure!

They must not work, and Time's a
bore;
The Social Quest becomes their pas-
sion,
Or else they cast themselves before
That Juggernaut of Woman, Fash-
ion.

But wait a little: See you not
That e'en this Man-ruled world ad-
vances
And Woman's going to do a lot
With Equal Rights and Equal
Chances?

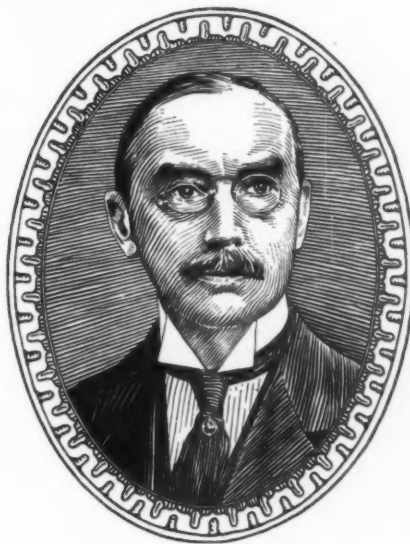
Her time has come! and, sure as fate,
She'll fling away each foolish fetter
And work with Man, his friend, his
mate,
As good as he and maybe better.

Resolved she'll be and frank as day;
Her "femininity" will vanish;
And sweet? Our Author doesn't say,
But anyhow she won't be mannish.

And when she's trained and strong
and fit,
Direct of speech, of purpose steady,
Then Woman won't be "So," but
"It!"—

(I thought that she was "It" al-
ready!).

Arthur Guiterman.



With that delightful style which has made his
writings of the editorial pages of "Life" so ac-
ceptable and widely read,

MR. EDWARD S. MARTIN BEGINS A REGULAR PAGE IN THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

with its January number. He will chat in his de-
lightfully informal manner of the present femi-
nine unrest, to which subject he will give special
study. He begins in his first article with those
questions by which "all the girls nowadays are
more or less confronted" and which seem to make
it rather "a hard time for girls." Then he takes
up those disturbances in the feminine world that
make these girls so uncertain about their destinies
—and, of course, we have Mr. Martin at his best.
The January number is on every news-stand at
15 cents.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA



Tush, Tush!

TO LIFE:

Much has been done by modern surgeons to astonish the world, and the attendants of the Congress now assembled in New York have had an especial opportunity of manifesting their skill; but one of their most remarkable operations in full consultation is so unostentatiously stated that it should be rescued at once from oblivion.

In a very late report of the proceedings of this Congress, I read:

"The surgeons relaxed a little this morning when they took a tug from the foot of East Twenty-fourth Street."

This is a pedal operation I have not before heard of, and readers are certainly anxious to know if the foot of Twenty-fourth Street is healing satisfactorily since the operation was performed, and whether the circulation of the patient was at any time suspended.

BOB SAWYER.

NEW YORK,
November 20, 1912.

From a Hilly Country

DEAR LIFE:

A loyal American, living in a distant land, but a lover of our Stars and Stripes, wishes to make a remark to the American press, through your correspondence column, apropos of the late visit of Pierre Loti to New York. Dear American reporters! The most hustling, the most successful, the most typical product of strenuous New York, but *irritating!*—I love you.

Competition is keen and you are sent out, each one of you, with instructions not to let any other paper beat you at the game, and you are conscientious and you don't. But because I love you, it hurts me to see you doing things that belittle you in the eyes of other nations.

For instance, when a gentle, retiring, distinguished French *écrivain* strikes New York, why settle upon him, at the dock, like a swarm of bees determined to extract honey from the flower that perhaps hasn't yet recovered from the wilting effects of seasickness? Is it kind or reasonable? And why will you keep on asking incoming foreigners that stupid old question, "What do you think of our

sky-scrapers?" You know perfectly well they don't admire them. You know they haven't any and don't want any and wonder why we build ours. We know our reasons, and it's our affair, but why go continually thrusting them down European throats?

And why pester a poor man who doesn't want to talk with questions. It's impolite and unfair. If he wants "silence," why not let him have it? Don't make him think he's in Hades just because he's struck New York. Let him "dream" on Broadway and have Oriental reveries wherever he pleases. America is a free country, isn't it? If an intelligent foreigner can't find the wheat in the midst of our chaff, let him depart without finding it—but don't fill his eyes so full of chaff that he can't see there's any wheat at all.

Why should American reporters be impolite? Do their papers pay them extra for it? If they do they ought to be ashamed of themselves. And if they don't they ought to be also. For if reporters get neither pay at home nor

prestige abroad by their methods, it's rather rough on them.

F. R. GREELEY.

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND,
Nov. 15, 1912.

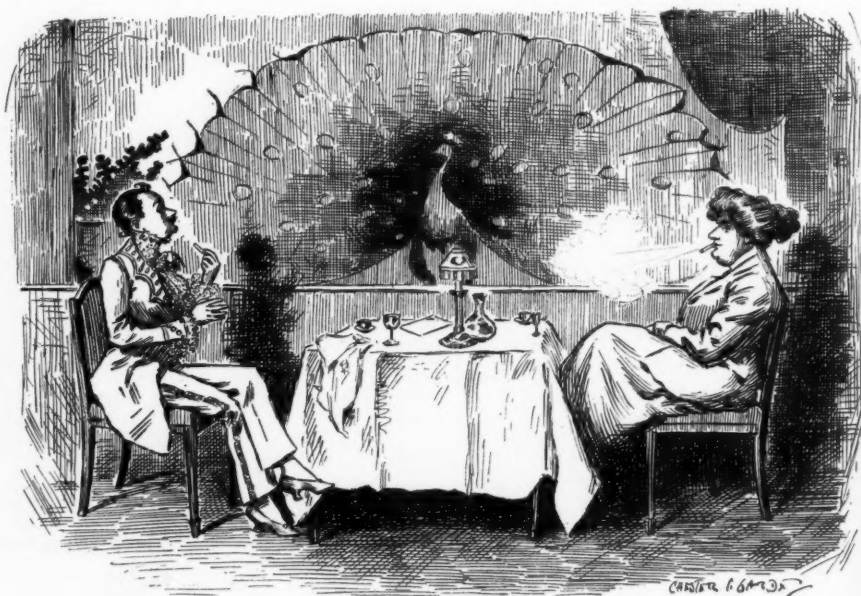
The Victory Over Typhoid Fever in the United States Navy

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sanitation in the fleet is well-nigh perfect, so that typhoid fever can be satisfactorily controlled on board ship. From the nature of its calling, the naval personnel is unduly exposed to typhoid, in that ports are frequently visited where this disease is rife and sanitation is not seriously considered. Every effort has been made to protect individuals thus exposed on shore, but in spite of our efforts there has been an average of 200 cases yearly in the navy, with fifteen to twenty deaths, up to the present year.

Over 62,000 persons in the navy have received the prophylactic, or preventive, treatment, without mishap; in other words, the ounce of prevention thus far has been shown to be harmless. This preventive measure in the navy merely supplements the rigid observance of sanitary precautions.

As military surgeons, our efforts to keep the officers and men physically fit are based primarily on military grounds; that is, we aim to keep as many of the fighting men as possible at the guns and other stations. Has the employment of typhoid prophylactic accomplished results



"No, Ferdy, men can't smoke here, but we'll go to the 'Ritz' if you say so"

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from a military point of view? Let us see. Among the 26,000 persons—practically the whole navy and marine corps—who have received the full protection afforded by three doses of the prophylactic, during the ten months that have elapsed in 1912, there has been but one case of typhoid fever, and that case was extremely mild in type. In 1911, there were 222 cases of typhoid fever, with fifteen deaths, in the navy, a serious crippling from a military point of view, when the long periods of convalescence are considered, aside from the deaths. The humanitarian features of the situation speak for themselves.

The typhoid prophylactic is made by growing the typhoid fever bacillus, or germ—a vegetable organism—in pure culture, on perfectly clean, sterile agar (a kind of seaweed); at the proper time the bacilli are killed by heat, the culture is standardized for dosage and is ready for injection into the individual to be protected. The men must agree to take the prophylactic treatment, otherwise they will not be enlisted.

In a military establishment individual preferences and inclinations must give way to what is best for the greatest number, otherwise there would be no order, no discipline. In view of the foregoing, the Navy Department, in my opinion, is perfectly within its rights in exacting obedience to orders issued with a view to promoting physical fitness—which means military efficiency, and, incidentally, in protecting the individual, in spite of his personal inclinations, against typhoid fever.

Yours very truly,

C. F. STOKES,

Surgeon General, United States Navy.

Nov. 24, 1912.

A 100 Year Old Bequest



I leave with bequest to the next Generation the Rye to buy —
Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 years"

Aged in charred wood, bottled in bond. Rare flavor, exquisite bouquet. The aristocrat of whiskies.

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"Harvest"—by Vincent Aderens.

Prosperity

There has been a bumper crop.

This is because the tillers of the soil have been industrious, and the rain and the sun have favored their plantings.

There has been industrial activity.

The makers of things in factories have been busy. They have had work to do and pay for doing it.

There has been commercial success.

The people who buy and sell and fetch and carry have been doing a lot of business and they have been paid for doing it.

The country is prosperous because all the people have been busy.

Good crops and good times can be enjoyed only when the Government maintains peace and harmony.

This task of the Government is made comparatively easy because the American

people have been enabled to become so well acquainted with each other. They know and understand one another. They are like one family.

The producer and consumer, no matter where they live, are close together.

This is largely due to our wonderful facilities for intercommunication. We excel in our railways, our mails and our telegraphs, and, most of all, in our telephones.

The Bell System has fourteen million miles of wire spread over all parts of the country. Each day there are twenty-five million telephone talks all the way from twenty feet to two thousand miles long.

The raiser of crops, the maker of things, and the man of commerce, all are helped to co-operate and work together for peace and prosperity by means of the Universal telephone.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

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One System

Universal Service

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A special reproduction of Mr. Angus MacDonall's drawing

"Bygones"

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"Bygones"

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Thoughts, December Twenty-Fourth

'Tis Christmas eve. The very air
Seems charged to-night, seems subtly
thrilled
By glad provisions of a rare,
Strange happiness, yet unfulfilled.
I sense this thing, and still my heart
Is numb, lethargic, dead. I hold
Myself from all the world apart.
The Christmas spirit leaves me cold.

Below me, in the frosty street,
I hear the city's muffled song
Of carnival—the tramp of feet,
The voices of the passing throng.
I watch them as they hurry by
In kind confusion, faces bright
With Christmas comradeship; but I—
I am not one of them to-night.

Each hastens, in that host below,
To choose the gifts that shall delight
Another on the morrow. No,
I am not one of them to-night.
The laughing crowd, the siren call
Of blazing shops that beckon; nay,
Untouched, unmoved, I hear it all:
I did my shopping yesterday!
Deems Taylor, in Century.

The Same Old Story

AVIATOR (to young assistant, who has
begun to be frightened): "Well, what
do you want now?"

ASSISTANT (whimpering): "I want
the earth."—*Lippincott's.*

Caroni Bitters. Tones the stomach—stimulates appetite. Improves life and flavor of any cocktail. Try them and be satisfied.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

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*Fastest and Best Equipped Train
between Chicago and San Francisco*

Union-Southern Pacific

Standard Route of the West

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*Write today for beautifully illustrated booklet
about California. Address*

Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager
Union Pacific
Room 15, Omaha, Neb.

RUDYARD KIPLING read

"A Plain American in England" and told the
author that he need never write another book,
that he had done enough; and yet it sold 13 copies
last month at 50c each. Can't keep it down.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.



Open with the Foot.
No Litter, No Odor.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass.



Set Deep in the Ground Underground Garbage Receiver

Defeats the plans of the typhoid fly; also
prevents dogs, cats and rats making a mess
of the garbage. 9 years in practical use.
It pays to look us up. Sold direct from
factory. Guaranteed. Send for circular.

The Poor Rich People

George W. Perkins was talking to a
reporter about the obloquy, so frequently
unjust, which nowadays attaches to great
wealth.

"A little boy," he said, "once re-
marked to his father:

"Pa, I often read in the low-priced
magazines about 'poor but honest peo-
ple.' Why do they never say 'rich but
honest'?"

"'Because, my son,' the father an-
swered, 'nobody would believe them.'"

—*New York Tribune.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles



THE SUFFRA-JET

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made
more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25
cents, in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

GIBSON'S RYE A WHISKEY OF TRADITIONS

TRADITIONAL for high quality, absolute
purity, satisfying richness, velvety mellowness,
delightful fragrance—nearly 80 years the
whiskey standard of the world. Every drop
of Gibson's is made from selected, matured
rye and sparkling spring water; ripened in a fixed tem-
perature, and held in the original wood. We especially
commend the distillation of 1900—the finest old whiskey
money can buy. Shipped from our warerooms to order
of your dealer, or direct to you, in sealed demijohns,
express prepaid—at \$10 per gallon.

The Gibson Distilling Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gibson's

Definitions of "Home"

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in time of storm.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance, and which is ruled by justice, mercy and love.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

The best place for a married man after business hours.

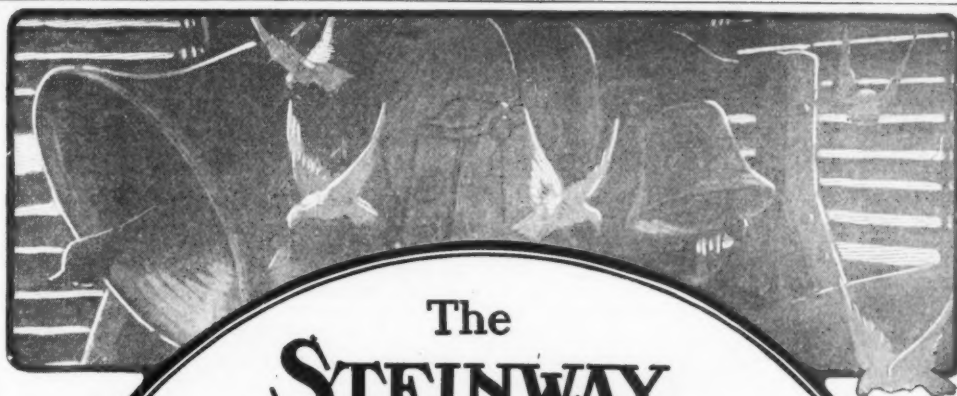
Home is the coziest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

An Important Water Color Exhibition of Scenes in Lower and Upper Egypt by the late Henry Bacon will be held at the Montross Galleries, 550 Fifth Ave., from December Eleventh to January First.



The STEINWAY and Christmas

All over the world, just now, a mighty crescendo of happy harmony is swelling in anticipation of a coming great historic day.

Many sing only in their hearts; but thousands upon thousands find expression for unbounded joy in the sweet tone of the world's great musical instrument—the

STEINWAY PIANO.

Are you the owner of a Steinway?

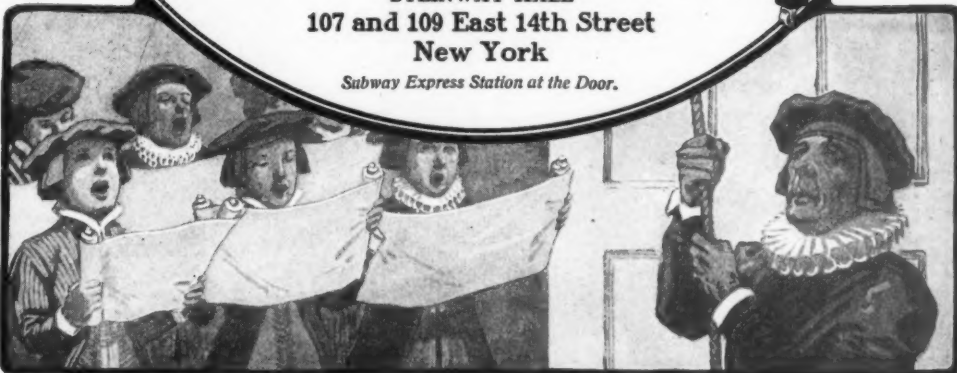
The name of the Steinway dealer nearest you, together with illustrated literature, will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

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STEINWAY HALL

107 and 109 East 14th Street
New York

Subway Express Station at the Door.



Where you are treated best and grumble most.

The center of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine.


A popular paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man, and man rests in the presence of woman.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the form of mothers and wives.

—Tit-Bits.

A Probability

Jonathan and his friend, Paddy, were enjoying a delightful ride, when they came in sight of what is very unusual in any civilized State nowadays—an old gallows or gibbet. This suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. "You see that, I calculate," said he nasally, pointing to the object just mentioned, "and now where would you be if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone," coolly replied Paddy.



YOU catch the soft echo of bubbling springs and feel the inspiring freshness of the woods when you drink **Londonderry**

It is the purest, most palatable of natural mineral waters. Sparklingly pure, Londonderry is distributed in sterilized bottles hermetically sealed at the springs in New Hampshire's granite hills. Reaches your table pure and palatable as Nature made it.

Sparkling (effervescent) in three table sizes. Plain (still) in half-gallon bottles, or other sizes if desired. If you have difficulty getting Londonderry locally, write us. We will see you are supplied.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO. Nashua, N. H.

About the same time was also published "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "Salvation's Vantage Ground of a Louping Stand for Heavenly Believers" and "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Headquarters Through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." The author of the first work speaks directly to the point.

Then came "A Reaping Hook, Well Tempered, for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop, or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved

Weird Titles for Devotional Books

Names of Volumes Printed in Cromwell's Time Were Almost as Long as One of the Prayers of Praise-God Barebone.

"A Most Delectable, Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At," is the title of a pamphlet published in 1626. Quaint titles were the rule in those times, and particularly in Puritan writings. Perhaps the sober-faced Roundheads liked sugar coating on their spiritual fare.

Another title of that period is "A Pair of Bellows to Blow Off the Dust Cast Upon John Fry," and another is "The Snuffers of Divine Love."

Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title pages. A book on charity is "Hooks and Eyes for Believer's Breeches." We also find "High-Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness," and "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant."

An imprisoned Quaker published "A Sigh for the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish."



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA PIPE MIXTURE

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealers.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY

204 Broadway

New York

Given Away

A 6 Volume Set of Kipling, Beautifully Bound in Cloth—A Xmas Gift to Those Who Send the Coupon Now for the Authorized Uniform O. HENRY—IN 8 VOLUMES

If you paid \$125 for the only other uniform set of O. Henry in existence, this doesn't interest you. Otherwise you can't afford to miss it.

For O. Henry is the American Kipling, "The American de Maupassant," the American master of the short story—the founder of a new style—a new literature.

Other nations are going wild over him. Memorials to him are being prepared. The text books of English literature are including his stories; colleges are discussing his place in literature; theatrical firms are vying for rights to dramatize his stories.

Each story—vivid, human, real—may lay bare some cruel social wrong or just a quaint, dear glimpse of good and happiness and fun. "The Arabian Nights of New York"—his tales of the big City, catch the glamour, the romance, the elusive, seething spirit of the "Four Million." Each story may spring a surprise or lead you quietly on, only to turn and laugh at you in the end.

If we could show you a list of the 179 stories in this wonderful set, you would send the coupon at once just for the promises of interest in the bare titles.

Why Such Giving Away

The only uniform edition of O. Henry ever made sold at \$125 a set before it was printed. Now to get this 8 Volume Uniform Authorized Edition down to the low price we are making here, we must order a big edition—and have enough advance orders to justify it. So—we give these sets of Kipling away, to get the first orders for O. Henry in quickly.

Send Both Sets Back if You Like

Send the coupon without money today. It will bring the 8 complete volumes of O. Henry and the six complete volumes of Kipling—all charges prepaid.

When you get the sets, examine the bindings carefully, examine the gold tops, the real stamping—test the paper by every standard you know, try the readability of the type. Look for flaws. Then sit down and read. If you don't think then that this set of O. Henry is so well made as to be worth twice the money and that the Kipling is so good-looking that anybody would be delighted to have it as a Christmas gift send both sets right back at our expense. And if you don't think that these 14 volumes contain more joy and inspiration, more big emotions and big thoughts than you ever expected to find in the covers of 14 volumes—send the books back.

Anyway, send the coupon without a cent of money today. It costs you nothing, puts you under no obligation. It will bring you a delight and a bargain. But do it this minute.

You must order right now to get the Kipling set. This is an offer that won't wait for dalliers. Send your coupon today without money. Then sit down and wait for a real pleasure and a real treasure.



Send this without Money

Name.....

Address.....

This beautiful X leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved the favorite binding. For a set in this luxurious binding, change 12 months above to 16 months.

Review of Reviews Company - - New York



Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

You can depend upon the quality of Kelly-Springfield Tires. We have never sacrificed quality to meet a price.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, 20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O., Buffalo.
The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio. Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas.
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo. Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.
Southern Hdwe. & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La. Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
Savell Davis Rubber Works, Augusta and Savannah, Ga. C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.

chaser, indignantly, "Why, when I came down to breakfast this morning with one of them on my wife asked me:

"What are you wearing the baby's pink coral necklace for?"

—Harper's.

"Did you attain the high ideals you set for yourself when you were young?" asked the friend of his boyhood.

"No," replied the millionaire; "and I'm glad I didn't. I see now there was no money in them."—Lippincott's.

for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation," and "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, Whereunto Are Also Annexed William Humuis's Handful of Honeysuckles and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, Now Newly Augmented."—*The Scrap Book*.

Guaranteed

A man who was greatly troubled with rheumatism bought some red flannel underwear recently, which was guaranteed in every respect, and a couple of weeks later returned to the store where he made his purchase.

"These flannels are not what you claimed them to be," he said to the clerk.

"What is the trouble with them?" asked the clerk, "have they faded or shrunk?"

"Faded! Shrunk!" cried the pur-



Pure Beer Will Not make You Bilious

We go to Bohemia for hops; one of our partners selects the barley; water is brought from rock 1400 feet under the ground.

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Light starts decay even in pure beer. Dark glass gives the best protection against light. The Brown Bottle protects Schlitz purity from the brewery to your glass.

More and more people every year are demanding Schlitz. Why don't you demand this pure beer?

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or cork is
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"The conversion of the public debt from a false and fictitious basis to an investment basis."

We are exceedingly anxious to find out what this means. We are not much in favor of the public debt at best, but if we are going to have it at all it should certainly be on the proper basis. The basis of a debt is the ability to pay it when due. Does the gentleman from New York wish to imply that the greatest world power of all history is unable to pay its debts?

And how is this basis to be changed by thimble-rigging the currency laws? What would an "investment basis" be? Would someone invest in this debt if we changed the basis? That would be the most hazardous investment on record, something quite new

to good business. When people invest they usually look about for credits, not for debts.

Or is it that the debt is to invest in something or somebody? The only way it can invest is by paying itself off and then there is neither debt nor basis.

It is too much, Horatius. Our philosophy is too elementary to unveil such words.

His Implements

The small daughter of the house was busily setting the table for expected company when her mother called to her:

"Put down three forks at each place, dear."

Having made some observations on her own account when the expected guests had dined with her mother before, she inquired thoughtfully:

"Shall I give Uncle John three knives?"—*Kansas City Star.*

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Life's Musical Calendar

Wednesday, December 18, Metropolitan Opera House.—Puccini's "Manon Lescaut": An Italian conception of French provincial life, culminating in the tragic death of the heroine in the vast desert of New Orleans.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—Pianoforte recital by Leopold Godowsky, a virtuoso who can play more notes in a given space of time than any other pianist living.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—A concert for the benefit of the West Side Day Nursery.

(Evening).—Händel's "Messiah," presented by a chorus under the direction of Walter Henry Hall, with Lilian Blauevelt and Putnam Griswold among the soloists.

Thursday, December 19, Metropolitan Opera House.—Gluck's "Orfeo": A very old opera, based upon the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, remembered chiefly because of a single, haunting melody to which the spirits of the blessed dance in the Elysian Fields. The costumes and scenery are in the style of Puvis de Chavannes' mural decorations.

Carnegie Hall.—Concert by the Philharmonic Society in memory of Joseph Pulitzer, with Carl Jörn and the male chorus of the Arion Club as additional features.

Friday, December 20, Metropolitan Opera House.—Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde": One of the most popular love stories in the world, set to music, which, for emotional power, has never been surpassed.

Saturday, December 21, Metropolitan Opera House.—Matinee. Double bill: Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Secret de Suzanne," followed by Donizetti's "Don Pasquale." Two light farce-comedies, of which the

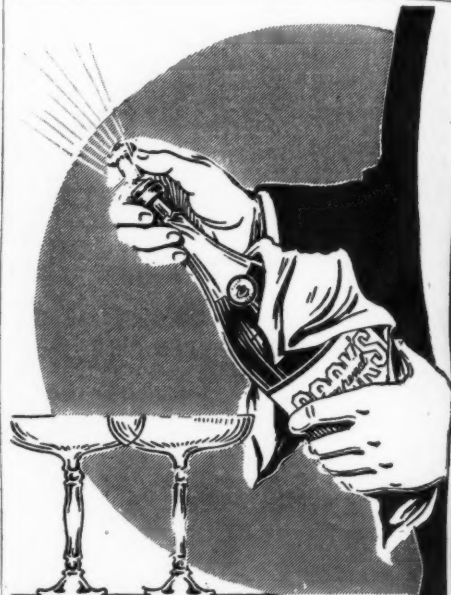
first derives its humor from the domestic disadvantages of cigarette smoking and the second from the complications of mistaken identity.

Carnegie Hall.—Afternoon concert for young people by Ysaye, the violinist. A laudable effort to bring young America to an intelligent appreciation of good music.

Sunday, December 22, Metropolitan Opera House.—Regular Sunday evening concert, at popular prices, with Mischa Elman, the pyrotechnic violinist, as an added attraction.

Carnegie Hall.—Afternoon concert by the Philharmonic Society, with Louis Persinger, a young American violinist, who is making his debut this season.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Concert by the Balalaika Orchestra.



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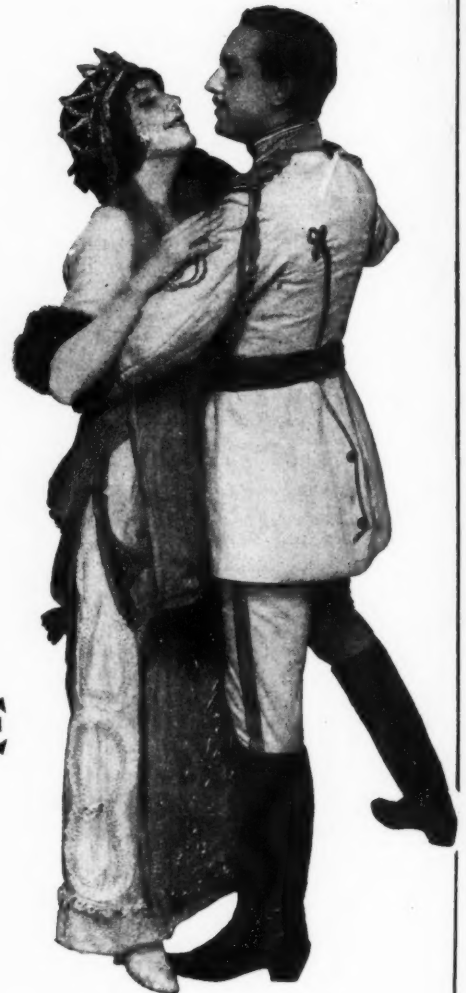
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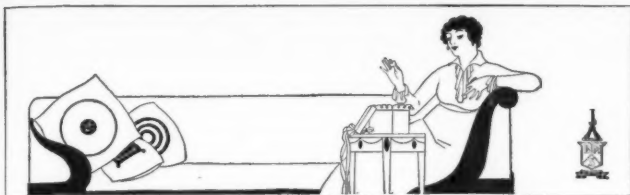
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